

COLUMBIA, NEWBERRY
AND LAURENS R. R.

Charleston, Greenville, Columbia, Atlanta.

Short Line.

Schedule in Effect January 10, 1904
Eastern Standard Time.

Northbound. S. A. L.	
Daily.	
Lv. Clinton (Dinner)	2:45 pm
Lv. Cross Hill	3:08 pm
Lv. Greenwood	3:33 pm
Lv. Abbeville	4:06 pm
Lv. Elberton	5:28 pm
Lv. Athens	6:35 pm
Ar Atlanta (via S. A. L.)	8:20 pm
Ar Atlanta	8:30 pm
Ar Chattanooga	1:09 pm
Ar Nashville	6:40 pm
Ar Evansville	12:40 pm
Ar St. Louis	7:16 pm
Southbound. S. A. L.	
Lv Atlanta	8:40 am
Lv Athens	10:53 am
Lv Elberton	12:00 pm
Lv Abbeville	1:03 pm
Lv Greenwood	1:28 pm
Lv Cross Hill	1:52 pm
Lv Clinton	2:15 pm
Ar Clinton	2:15 pm

Southbound.	
Lv Glenn Springs (C & W C.)	10:00 am
Lv Spartanburg	12:01 pm
Lv Greenville	12:15 pm
Lv Waterloo	1:17 pm
Ar Laurens (Dinner)	1:30 pm

Northbound. C. & W. C.	
Daily.	
Lv Laurens (Dinner)	2:07 pm
Ar Greenville	3:25 pm
Ar Spartanburg	3:30 pm
Ar Glenn Springs	4:00 pm
Ar Waterloo	2:20 pm

Southbound. C. N. & L.	
No. 22. No. 96.	
Lv Laurens	7:00 am 2:02 pm
Lv Clinton	7:00 am 2:22 pm
Lv Newberry	8:40 am 3:10 pm
Lv Prosperity	9:02 am 3:24 pm
Lv Chapin	9:40 am 3:51 pm
Ar Columbia	10:45 am 4:45 pm

Northbound. C. N. & L.	
No. 21. No. 92.	
Lv Columbia	6:00 pm 11:10 am
Lv Chapin	6:05 pm 12:03 pm
Lv Prosperity	6:41 pm 12:28 pm
Lv Newberry	7:05 pm 12:43 pm
Lv Clinton	8:30 pm 1:30 pm
Ar Laurens	9:00 pm 1:50 pm

Southbound. A. C. L.	
Lv Columbia	4:55 pm
Lv Sumter	6:20 pm
Ar Charleston	9:35 pm

Northbound. A. C. L.	
Lv Charleston	6:00 am
Lv Sumter	9:21 am
Ar Columbia (A. C. L.)	11:00 am

Trains 53 and 52 arrive and depart from new union depot.
Trains 22 and 21 arrive and depart from Coast Line Freight Station, Greenville street, Columbia.

For rates, time table or further information, apply to any agent or write
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THE WRONG MISS
SHURTLEFF.

Really Gifford was not at all to blame for it. Anybody might have made the same mistake. Gifford was short and fat and new to the big woods. He had been in camp a week and had spent most of the time lying in a hammock and reading a novel while the other men tramped the trails or rowed eight or ten miles through Eagle Creek to Virgin or Lake Julia. Everybody said that Gifford was too fat and lazy ever to make a woodsman.

But that was before Miss Shurtleff and her mother came to the camp. They had a log cabin next to the big cook shack and it was announced that Mr. Shurtleff would come up to join them later. The young woman was tall and athletic looking, full of life, and eager to see and to do all there was to be seen or done within twenty miles of Big Lake.

Perhaps it was intentional—at any rate Gifford got mixed up on the introductions. But that was nothing against him. Anybody might easily have made the same mistake.

Gifford fell desperately in love with the younger of the two women at first sight. And the new love transformed him. He became all at once the most enthusiastic oarsman and woodtramp in the party. It made a hero of him. What would have terrified him before he now gladly undertook.

One evening when everybody in camp was sitting under the birch trees watching the sunset a curious animal as large as a small dog ran shambling down in front of the shack and tried to hide under a pile of logs. Gifford and Gifford's Irish terrier, both entirely new to the woods, were up and after it in a minute.

"O, what in the world is it?" cried Miss Shurtleff. "Do you suppose it is dangerous?"

Gifford would show her he knew not the meaning of fear. He ran directly towards the beast, which, badly frightened as it was, made but poor progress over the sand.

Gifford's dog was even before him. It attacked the animal, with open mouth. But it made but one bite and then began to roll over and over, yelping with agony.

"Look out," called one of the guides. "It's a porky hog. Better not touch it."

But with Miss Shurtleff looking on Gifford would have tackled a raging lion. He raised a club he had picked up from the ground in his right hand, and with the other grasped the beast by the back. But, like the dog, he did not keep his hold. His hand fell as if it were full of red hot needles, and from his heroic lips came a groan of pain.

But even that was worth while, for his sufferings called such expressions of tender sympathy from the red lips of his divinity that Gifford would gladly have embraced another porcupine. Tommy, the guide, pulled barbed quills out of Gifford, who bore the pain like a Spartan, and then performed a similar operation on the dog, which for the remainder of its stay in the woods absolutely refused to go within reaching distance of anything that had life.

Doubtless Gifford would have discovered his mistake earlier if the two women had not persisted in always remaining together to keep him in ignorance of his mistake, though no one believes that either Miss or Mrs. Shurtleff was a party to it. And the fact that the two women called each other by their first names—Anne and Julia—prevented his making the discovery in that way.

With his left hand done up in a bandage to soothe the pain of the porcupine quills Gifford became more than ever the slave of the young woman. She, on her part, was kind enough to him, though she seemed anxious that he should pay attention to the older lady rather than to her. And Gifford obeyed her commands and waited on the ancient person assiduously. Once the old lady announced that she would like to drink some milk, fresh and warm from the milking, and Gifford, at a look from Miss Shurtleff, volunteered to get up every morning at 4 o'clock, when Tommy milked, and get the milk for her. That was heroic, for Gifford liked better than most men to lie abed late in the morning.

Every day, when he could persuade them to go, Gifford took the two women out rowing or fishing or exploring. Before they came to camp he had been too lazy to go out on the water unless Tommy pushed the boat, but now he was always ready to row a boat containing both Miss Shurtleff and her mother any number of weary miles, while Tommy, with a smile hidden under his brown mustache, came skimming along behind, with nothing but the lunch basket in his skiff.

When you consider that Gifford's arms were short and thick, that his mind was bad and his hands tender, and that he had never done any rowing before that summer, you may begin to realize the power of love. Big blood blisters came on the palms of Gifford's pudgy hands and he suffered almost continually from pains in his back and legs, but not for a moment did he ever think of giving up the battle. Miss Shurtleff expressed an admiration for water lilies; Gifford waded out in ten inches of water and two feet of mud to get them, greatly to the damage of his footgear and trousers. Miss Shurtleff casually remarked that the great hairy woodpecker must be a curious-looking bird; Gifford, fat and round, climbed a forty-foot pine stump and took a young bird out of its nest to show her. Incidentally the stump broke as he was coming down and Gifford fell into the creek. Fortunately the creek bottom was good and soft.

The climax came on a Saturday. Tommy, the guide, precipitated matters the night before.

"Mr. Shurtleff is coming Sunday morning," he said.

Gifford started as if he had been shot. In the more than two weeks which had passed since Miss Shurtleff came to the camp he had never once had an opportunity to speak with her alone. And now her father was com-

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much again of Mr. Shurtleff, though he had never seen him. He was anxious to reach some sort of an understanding with the daughter before the old man put in his appearance. Only one day remained in which to make the attempt. Gifford's back ached and his arms were sore; his hands were one mass of blisters and his legs pained him at every step. But he was game.

"What do you say to a little row down to Big Lake?" he asked airily that Friday evening after supper. Big Lake was a good twelve miles to the south. Altogether the trip meant a row of twenty-five miles.

"I'd like to go," said Miss Shurtleff, "but it's a terribly long row."

"Not at all," said Gifford, and Tommy, the guide, retired to the porch and laughed noisily, with one hand over his mouth.

"I'll take you in my boat," said Gifford desperately, "and—"

"No," interrupted the young woman. "I think we'd better go together. We can both go in Tommy's boat and you can—"

"Not at all," said Gifford. "I will row you both, of course, if you prefer to go together."

They started at five o'clock in the morning. Gifford felt sure he should faint before they covered the first five miles. But he gritted his teeth and kept on, though every stroke was agony. He had laid out his plan of campaign. He would wait until they landed for lunch and then make an opportunity to speak to the young woman alone.

Lunchtime came. Gifford ate almost nothing. They had finished their coffee he started to walk back into the woods. Presently there came the sound of a cry.

"Come here quick," Gifford was calling. Tommy, the guide, must have been posted beforehand. At any rate he did not move. But the young woman was up in an instant, running back through the woods as lightly as a fawn. The old party sat still on her cushion—which was as Gifford had expected.

Gifford waited no time.

"Miss Shurtleff," he began abruptly, "I love you and I made this chance to tell you so."

"What?" said the startled young woman.

"Miss Shurtleff, I love you," he again declared the red-faced Gifford. And then Miss Shurtleff's face broke into a smile.

"Why, my dear man," she said, "I am Mrs. Shurtleff. Julia, there on the bank, is my stepdaughter and the only Miss Shurtleff I know of."

Poor Gifford's face was purple. "You see, my husband is thirty-five years older than I am. But I'm not angry with you. In fact, you've paid me a great compliment. But I thought you knew all the time."

Mrs. Shurtleff wanted her stepdaughter to help her row back to camp in Tommy's boat, but Gifford would not listen to it. He was game to the end. He left the camp that night and went back to Milwaukee. He didn't care to wait and meet the aged Mr. Shurtleff.—H. M. H., in Chicago Tribune.

Queer Trade Commodities.

Most people nowadays hear a lot about the conservation of waste, but looking through the catalogues of traders of various kinds it is astounding what a number of eccentric commodities are utilized for trade purposes. The skins of millions of eels are tanned and used as leather for bookcases; frogskin has become one of the most beautiful and useful articles known to the binders of fancy books and the makers of fans; walrus whiskers provide the most elegant toothpicks known to the western man of fashion; and beetles of a certain kind are exported by the hundred weight for use on theatrical dresses.—Tit-Bits.

FROM ORCHIDS TO SNOW.

Two Places in the World Where Three Zones Are Represented.

There are two places in the world where a person can pass through the tropical, subtropical and temperate zones in an hour. Hawaii is one and Darjeeling, in northeastern India, is another.

In both these places the trick is done by climbing up the high mountains.

In Hawaii the traveler starts with the warm breath of the Pacific fanning him amid the smell of palm trees. He passes by great clusters of tropical fruit, and as he mounts the trees change until he is in the kind of scenery that may be found in the southern United States.

Still he climbs, and soon he notices that it is much cooler and that the character of the scene has changed to one that reminds him of the temperate zone, with fields in which potatoes and other northern vegetables are growing.

In Darjeeling the change is still more wonderful. The entrance to the tableland on which the little mountain city stands is through a dark, sombre tropical pass, full of mighty palms and hung with orchids and other jungle growth.

After a while the trees change from palms to the wonderful tree ferns. These alternate with banana trees, until, after some more climbing, forests are reached of magnolias and similar trees.

Through these magnolias the way leads ever up, and all at once, over an open pass, there come into view immense thickets of Himalayan rhododendrons and the evergreen of firs and cedars; and beyond stand the white, grim, snowclad, frozen mountain peaks like arctic icebergs on land.

In less than two hours a traveler can ascend from orchids through jungles to tea plantations, and thence to a climate of northern roses and violets.—New York Sun.

In the opinion of a decorator of experience and distinction shelves in a room contribute to its attractiveness. She advocates the placing of shelves in all rooms as well as in the parlor, dining-room or sitting-room where they provide for the display of art pottery, plates and the like.

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